The Mourners Blazonry.

HArk *how the* doleful Bittern *sadly moans,*
And tunes her withered Reed, *to dying groans.*

The Streaming Spots *of* Ermine, *seem to weep*
That Innocence *it self* (*their* Type) *doth sleep.*

The Crosses, *once dyed* Gules, *with Saviours blood,*
Turn Pale *with Grief, as if they understood*

The Gospels *loss in his*: *The* Azure Field
(Heav'ns Hieroglyphick) *shews,* Faith was his Shield.

SA. FAIRCLOUGH.
Fell. of Caius *Colledge.*